



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

No. 14.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1830.

PRICE 9d.

## REVERIES AND RECOLLECTIONS IN DUBLIN.

As it is the most excusable of all superstitions, to suppose that the souls of the departed hover over the places where they carried on the business of human life, in partnership with body—so it may be considered an innocent pastime for an idle valetudinarian, a faded humourist of fifty, to haunt the places which memory has gilded with all the sunshine of healthy and youthful enjoyment, and all the vividness of mental excitement without mental pain.

I therefore love to stand at the open iron gate that leads into Trinity College. I sometimes lean against the rails and meditate,—again, I stand, as at anchor, in the busy current, shaking hands with this friend, bowing to that acquaintance, collecting news, assimilating information, regarding, remarking, lamenting, rejoicing and foretelling, as the case may be, with all my old cronies and fellow idlers; that are occupied in that commonest of urban sports, the process of killing time. I may safely affirm, that never did a city idler and humorist, having the recollections and acquaintances of a quinquagenarian, take up a better position than that where I now stand. I am moored, as it were, at the confluence of sundry human tides, and as the hundreds and thousands pass me by, or busily or idly, I amuse myself recognising faces of persons I never spoke to—fixing down professions for each physiognomy, admiring, wondering, and laughing mentally at the changes of men, manners, fashions, and forms, that pass on before me. A quinquagenarian stands, as it were, between the living and the dead, he is a sort of middle term between the aged and the youthful; men he remembers as children, dotards he has noticed as sound men; he has observed all the changes and phases of human character. The fop that fluttered by, five and twenty years ago, in all the pride of a thoughtless popinjay, he now sees plodding on, a corpulent man of business—carefulness in his countenance, and carelessness in his attire—Sir Desirable Spruce, the pink of the fashion, the carnation of all companies; now passes, or rather creeps on, a shapeless, shattered pantaloons, beyond the aid of wig or stays, or cushion, or stuffing; neither toilette, nor tailor will do, time demands his forfeit, and without gravity in a year or more, the poor thing must gravitate into the grave. Neither will rouge or millinery, nor all the cosmetic science of Paris remove the *fade* look of Lady Emily Discard, who, passing by towards Grafton-street, sits so *wornfully* in the corner of her carriage. O how I have some quarter of a century ago, admired the rich rounding of her fine and healthy form, as she swept on gorgeously in her curriole—for the peaches down, and the cherries bloom, that mantled on her cheek and lip—no: if she taxed all the Palais Royale for

art's brightest and most elaborate tints, what has fled, could not be recalled—

The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love, are gone for ever; and I would now almost rather see her ghost.

Such are some of my remarks and reveries concerning the people that stream on before me; perhaps it would be more profitable for myself if I reflected on what I was thirty-five years ago; I needed not then so charily to lean against the iron rails; my poor calveless legs were not then such noun adjectives, as to require a substantive stick or umbrella, to aid in giving them understanding. But I desire not to trouble you, sir, or you madam, with my past prowess. I may not recount, though I should like dearly to get some one to listen to the story, of my feats of arms as a College yeoman; of my marches and counter-marches along the line of the river Dodder; of the sham battle at Dundrum, and how led on by the gallant captain P. who alas! now has lost all his wonted bearing and port, as a soldier; in the comfortable corpulency of a senior fellow. I say how led on in gallant style we masked a paper mill; routed a flock of goats; summoned a dairy to surrender, and despite of the braying of the dairyman's donkey, made booty of all the goat's whey, curds, cheese, and other *matériel* of the enemy. But, Sir, I must not trouble you with all these glorious, though brief exploits of my yeomanry career. My grand-nephews, in consideration of some debentures which they expect at my demise, may, no doubt, listen hereafter to my garrulity on the subject. To return then to the city, what a change has been here also, not to be sure in external decay: the pillars before, the pediment behind me, shew no tendency to totter like my poor limbs; but what a *moral* change—on my left is the old post office—to my right, the parliament house. Before me, king William; and in the indistinct smoky distance, the castle. What a change in the circumstances and associations connected with all these. I shall never forget the elated hurry, the big, bounding, elastic delight, with which I sprung into the dark entry of that old post office, to announce to my dear mother in the country, the winning of my first College honour. I could also call to mind, many an affray—many a cuff and kick did I give and take in that crowded and busy passage—then to my right, the parliament house—it is fresh before me, as if of yesterday, investing myself with cap and gown, and strutting in all the academick arrogance of a Freshman, to enter for the first time, as a privileged person, the gallery of the House of Commons; and how much I was disappointed, when instead of finding our squators sitting there in bearded majesty, like the conscript fathers, with whom my historic lore had made me familiar, I observed them all looking like common country gentlemen, and making little better hand of oratory

than they would have done over their bottle of claret at home.

Oh, Sir, how different are the courses of my temperament—how changed the train of my ideas, since the day I first entered that house. I now stalk coolly and covetously along these arcades; I enter the great banking hall to cash my draft, or receive my dividend in the four per cents. Formerly I sprang up the stairs with all the alacrity and playfulness of a kid, to listen in the gallery of its glorious round-room, to the splendid antitheses of Grattan; the caustic wit of Curran; the oily and glozing amplifications of Castlereagh; the puns of John Toler; the wit of Bushe; the blunders and the bulls of the Momus of this Irish Olympus, Sir Boyle Roche. Here I entered with my whole soul into the war of politics, I was quite a party partizan. I was a most flaming patriot. No ingenuous youth, filled with Grecian or Roman lore; and charged to the muzzle with ancient republicanism, could be other than a doughty assertor of the liberty of the people; and his ardent mind leaping over all unobserved obstacles, must embrace the conviction, that the rights of Romans and Grecians, are the common rights of man. A red hot patriot then, I hated with a perfect hatred all slaves, and tools, and castle hacks, as I charitably counted Castlereagh, and Isaac Corry, and Marsden, &c. &c. To be sure, the visitation that dark John Fitzgibbon, the stern Chancellor, held a little after in our college, lowered the topsails of my republicanism not a little. But, after all, I was a republican in theory only. I had nothing to do with secret societies; I wore neither an orange nor green badge; I banded myself with no party—but I am falling fast into egotism, and it is time to cry stop—self. What a change then, in the *morale* of this beautiful building. It is now near 3 o'clock—just this time thirty-four years ago, I have stood here, with others, to witness the Lords and Commons assemble before the bell summoned us in to our early dinner; here was our lounge—observing, criticising, abusing, or cheering the members as they passed in. Oh! where are now all the fine, hearty, joyous youths that stood with me on that day: some, fathoms deep in caverns of the ocean; some, mouldering in the ditch of Badajos; the bones of some bleaching on the sands of Egypt; others on the plains of India; others on the high ranges of the Pyrenees. Could I, for one moment, summon them all together as they now are, what a contrast would they be to what they were then—aye, even in the living; one a judge, another a banished man; one a bishop, another a Sectarian preacher; one the poor crawling usher of a day school, the other rolling by, in all the pride of wealth and pomp of promotion. I remember it was our practice to hail the equipages of the popular members of either house; or groan, when we dare, at those who were not in our good graces. See!

there comes the duke's coach turning down from Nassau-street, you may see the strawberry-leaved coronet, and the baboon supporters. Boys let us give a shout for the Duke of Leinster—yes, and another, said a dark-eyed youth behind me, for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, hurra, boys, let us all cry Crom-a-boo. Whose carriage is this dashing down Dame-street, with six horses all hot and blown, as if coming from a distance, and the outriders in white? That's Tom Connolly of Castletown; a man above a castle price, or pension; the first commoner in Ireland. And whose is that splendid equipage with its running footmen coming slowly along in proud parade, and its owner sitting so stiff and so lordly; so much in foreign style "*en maitre*," an aristocrat, no doubt? Oh! that's the proud earl of B——, a specimen of the French "*Vielle Court*"—very haughty, very profligate, and very brave; a modish seducer; a graceful duellist, a believer in his own attributes and not in God's. But boys, says one beside me, while we are looking at this creature of the tailor, the posture master, and the King; we are likely to lose our notice of the little man just ascending the colonnade. What a character there is about him—is it nature or is it affectation? his prominent frenchified features; his little body and long stride; his port so particular; his bearing, like his mind, so antithetical and ambitious, all mark him off as the patriot of 82; while every one he passes seems so anxious to catch up his recognition; there can be no necessity of announcing him to be Henry Grattan. And who is that jockey-like horseman, who seems as if he had just come into town from a fox chase, his look more that of a keen sportsman than a proud senator? That's George Ponsonby, the leader of the whigs. And who is that smirking little man with chin protruded, and keen black eye, cast up towards the skies, as if he was saying some witty or saucy thing to one above him; he has just now slipped in under the arm of Bully Egan? That's John Philpot Curran. Oh, if in face and figure he is below the proportions of a man, in wit and humour, and force and eloquence, he is far above them; would to heaven your heart beat in unison with your brain; would that they did not counteract each other. What a pity that an angel's intellect should be given to preside over a will and affections so heteroclitic, so uncertain, and so unsteady. Look at that busy, bowing, hand-shaking, puffing, chattering, self-complacent person who is shuffling by, nodding at every one, and seeming to patronize the whole world around him. Oh, there goes a man whom God made without a heart; a man bold without bravery; familiar with all, without being fond of any; with the greatest pretence to openness, the closest man alive; with all the appearance of rashness, the most prudent; with ready wit, ready tongue, ready body and mind; he's the man for rubbing through life, and long life to him, for the world is fit for him and he for the world. I could not exactly hear the name of the person so announced; but such were the cursory and superficial, but free remarks, that used to be made on the members of parliament as they passed into the house. Poor S——, he was one of our readiest talkers; he would prate away upon character after this manner without end, he was the noisiest member of our Historical Society; with all his faults and failings we all loved him, and were more than sorry, when, as implicated in the united Irish affair, Chancellor Fitzgibbon expelled him from col-

lege, and we lost sight of him for ever. Now that five *lustrums* have passed over my head, what a change is made in yonder edifice, which at that hour, of three o'clock, is emptying itself of all its clerks and runners, and all the dull officials of its paper prosperity, and around whose dreary and secured walls the lazy centinel will creep; when formerly, far in the night, these very walls rang with noisy and animated debate; whose lobbies witnessed the cabals of counter plotting juntos, political intriguers and speculators; where but too often, venality masqued itself as patriotism, and for a while made play in order to job for itself more securely; where men talked of elevating the national character and thought only of elevating themselves. Such are the contemplations that now come over me, as I look on that fine edifice; and in my moody way I turn off from admiring it, and say—tut!—what was it ever but a mercenary place; a worship house of mammon; its former directors were contractors, jobbers, place sellers and place buyers. Its present directors are men honest and useful in their book-keeping generation. And now I turn my eye down Westmorland-street towards Carlisle-bridge, what a fine city sight now; I challenge Europe to produce a finer. How different from my early recollection of the same scene? Here was then a mass of abominable buildings intersected by cut-throat alleys, leading towards the filthiest ferry imaginable, to which the passengers were forced to descend amidst fetid mud, and all the nauseousness of a pestilent coal-quay. The remembrance that adheres to my mind most strongly concerning that bridge, was the execution of a gentleman in 1798, on one of the obelisks which then adorned it. He was a man of ancient family, of a liberal profession, much beloved and associated with, by Protestants. Yet in this accursed period of domestic fury and fell civil strife, he was instrumental in the slaughter of a detachment of the North Cork militia, who, with their captain, were in the middle of the night, almost to a man, exterminated by this person, who but the day before wore his yeomanry uniform, and on that fatal night changed it for the green dress and the rebel command. I saw him passing to undergo his doom. Never can I forget his appearance: his terrified features seemed petrified into stolidity—the marble expression of his countenance—the awful rocking and throes of his body as he passed along, silently and slowly, amidst the astounded and low muttering crowds. I did not go to see him die.—Through all these horrid scenes of flogging and execution that were daily going on in the city, I never could bring myself to witness one. I fled from the gallows or triangle, as I would from my own danger or suffering; and hid myself darkly in my college apartments. Never did I yet see a man put to the death or the torture. But see, I am lapsing fast into egotism again, a sure sign that my best days are over.

And now I cast my eye onwards towards the castle, and king William on horseback catches my attention, looking towards the seat of government; that government whose spirit, his spirit seemed to govern for more than a century. Had I the imagination of an orangeman, I might suppose I saw the bronze of his face assume a hot and copper hue even through the cream-coloured paint with which he is annually invested, in indignation at the change, both of

temper and purpose, that now governs yonder castle. Poor William! the broken truncheon in your hand indicates but too well that your spirit no longer directs; and your memory like the old associated song of Lillibulero, will soon be forgotten. The Protestant boys don't carry the day. Alas! how different in days of yore, when the civil observance that was paid your statue, amounted almost to a religious and fanatical worship. Oh! what fine times were those for downright and true blue loyalty. How heart and pocket felt in gratified unison, the blessings of ascendancy!—glorious days they were for militia colonels and yeomanry captains, and accoutrement contractors, and full-fed forage-masters, and all the lengthy train of doughty and delighted loyalists.

But this is levee day, and it calls to my remembrance one thirty years ago. What a difference! Where are now the coroneted coaches-and-four?—where the mitred equipages?—where the long cortege of county members and city burgesses, moving in slow pomp along? all going up to have audience of vicerealty, with such *hopeful countenances*; all so *attached*, and so prodigal of services to his majesty's government—all desiring to shew their devotedness and capabilities in some higher and more *lucrative* station. Alas! the day—now no great offices and patent places for lords—no translations for bishops—no contracts—no sinecures—no pensions. The day of market loyalty in Ireland is over; every dog has had his day, and now night is come on, and the dogs wont hunt! sign's on it,—what a poor levee it is now. Nothing but a train of whiskered and Germanized officers, whose bravery seems all transferred to their backs, and whose strength, like Sampson's, we might suppose lies in their hair's growth:—a few gentlemen pass in sorry chaises or barouches—a few doctors, parsons, surgeons; and some officers—but not one bishop, not a mitred coach in all the train; 'tis easily seen that the only place for translation is London. all done at Downing-street. Yes, I beg pardon, I see one quiet carriage, a decent sort of *job chaise*, passing up among the officers; the inmates are two comely sleek ecclesiastics; they have the worshipful, lawnly look, that bespeaks the bishop; there is a command in the countenance, a patronizing grace in the demeanour, an unction in the air, that must belong to the episcopal order; and yet, I think I ought to know at first sight every individual on the bench. While thus in doubt, a fat female, well dressed enough, but not of very lady-like appearance, cried out, as the sober chaise with its saintly occupants passed on—"Oh, blessed day!—and isn't it a sight worth coming all the way from Fermoy, even if it were on my two bare knees, to see our *own* bishops—the right sort, that are now coming out upon the world, all as one as new, as a body may say, after our long night of persecution, just for all the world as my husband, Tim Roche, came out clear and clane under the Insolvent Act; there they go, and my blessin' and the blessin' of the Blessed Virgin, be about them, for they are the rare sort. None of your Luther's bishops, the black usurpers,—law bishops, the thieving counterfeiters. No; but our own, holy Catholic Prelates. Musha, the heavens be your bed, do now that you have the opportunity, try and make the Lord Lieutenant out and out a Catholic, for certain sure he must be half a one in heart already, after giving the Catholics all

they axed of him, and more, long life to his Grace's honor.

While I was pondering in my mind what a portentous sight it would have been, thirty years ago, for Roman Catholic bishops to go to levee, the thought struck me that if permitted to lean at the close of another quarter of a century, against these rails, I might see other strange and unthought of people, forming the same cortege. But, Sir, enough for the present of the senilia of

QUINCUNX.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*—2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THESE volumes certainly contain the most minute and graphic account of the characteristics of the Irish peasantry that we have ever met with in print. The author informs us, in a sensibly written preface, that the picture he presents us with, is drawn by one "born amidst the scenes he describes, reared as one of the people whose characters he sketches, and conversant with the pastimes, festivals, feasts, and feuds, he details." We can well believe it: there is a minuteness in his touches, a fullness in the variety of detail he employs, which remind one of the profusion of small but characteristic objects in one of Wilkie's Cottage Pictures, and carries conviction to the mind of even an uninitiated observer, that the copy is done to the life.—Notwithstanding the number of volumes which have issued from the press within the last few years, having for their object the description of Irish scenery and character, the author of the present work, has, in a great measure, broken new ground, inasmuch as the habits and manners delineated are principally those of the Northern Irish, or Ulster Creachta.

"Upon this race," says the preface, "surrounded by Scotch and English settlers, and hid amongst the mists of their highland retreats, education, until recently, had made little progress; superstition, and prejudice, and ancient animosity, held their strongest sway, and the priests, the poor pastors of a poorer people, were devoid of the wealth, the self-respect, and the learning, which prevailed amongst their better endowed brethren of the South.

"The author, in the different scenes and characters he describes, has endeavoured to give his portrait as true to nature as possible; and requests his readers to give him credit, when he asserts that, without party object or engagement, he disclaims subserviency to any political purpose whatsoever. His desire is, neither to distort his countrymen into demons, nor to enshrine them as suffering innocents and saints—but to exhibit them as they really are; warm-hearted, hot-headed, affectionate creatures—the very fittest materials in the world for the poet or romance writer—capable of great culpability, and of great and energetic goodness—sudden in their passions as the red and rapid gush of their mountain streams—variable in their temper as the climate that sends them the mutability of the sun and shower—at times, rugged and gloomy as the moorland sides of their mountains—oftener sweet, soft, and gay, as the sun-lit meadows of their pleasant vales.

"The author, though sometimes forced to touch upon their vices, expose their errors, and laugh at their superstitions; loves also (and it

has formed, as he may say, the pleasure of his pen) to call up their happier qualities, and exhibit them as candid, affectionate, and faithful. Nor has he ever foregone the hope—his heart's desire, and his anxious wish—that his own dear, native mountain people may, through the influence of education, by the leadings of purer knowledge, and by the fosterings of a paternal government, become the pride, the strength, and support of the British empire, instead of, as now, forming its weakness and its reproach.

"The reader may finally believe that these volumes contain probably a greater number of facts than any other book ever published on Irish life. The author's acquaintance with the people was so intimate and extensive; and the state of Ireland so unsettled, that he had only to take incidents which occurred under his eye, and by fictitious names and localities, exhibit through their medium, the very prejudices and manners which produced the incidents themselves."

These volumes contain eight stories, descriptive of an Irish wedding; a wake; a funeral; a battle of two opposing factions; a party fight between orangemen and ribbonmen; a hedge-school; a priest's station; a legend, called the Three Tasks, which our readers have already seen abridged in our pages, and Ned McKeown, an introductory story. The story of the Three Tasks, which we selected on a former occasion, although not an unfavourable specimen of the author's powers of composition, is, perhaps, ill suited to give a just idea of the nature of the book, as it is the only legend contained in the volumes. The following sketch, from Larry McFarland's wake, of the gradual decay of a household, consequent upon the neglect and gossiping idle habits of the man and wife, will better enable the reader to judge of the author's powers of observation and expression:

"They were, indeed, the best nathured couple in Europe; they would lend you a spade or a hook in potatoe time or harvest, out of pure kindness, though their own corn that was drop-ripe, should be uncut, or their potatoes, that were a tramping every day with their own cows, or those of their neighbours, should be undug—all for fraid of being thought unneighbourly. In this way they went on for some years, not altogether so bad, but that they were able just to keep the house over their heads. They had a small family of three children on their hands, and every likelihood of having enough of them. Whenever they got a young one christened, they'd be sure to have a whole lot of the neighbours at it—and surely some of the young ladies, or Master George, or John, or Frederick, from the big house, should stand gossip, and have the child called after them. Then they should have tay enough to sarve them, and loaf-bread and punch; and, though Larry should sell a sack of seed oats, or seed potatoes, for to get it, no doubt but there should be a bottle of wine to thrate the young ladies or jintlemen. When their children grew up, little care was taken of them bekase their pparents minded other people's business more nor their own. They were always in the greatest poverty and distress, bekase Larry would be killing time about the Squire's, or doing some handy job for a neighbour, who could get no other man to do it. They now fell behind entirely in the rint, and Larry got many hints from the squire, that if he didn't

pay more attention to his business, he must look after his arrears, or as much of it as he could make up from the cattle and the crop. Larry promised well, as far as words went, and, no doubt, hoped to be able to perform; but he had'n't steadiness to go through with a thing. Truth's best; you see, both himself and his wife neglected their business in the beginning, so that every thing went at sixes and sevens. They then found themselves uncomfortable at their own hearth, and had no heart to labour; so that what would make a careful person work their fingers to the stumps to get out of poverty only prevented them from working at all, or draw them to work for those that had more comfort, and could give them a better male's mate. Their tempers soon began to get sour: Larry thought, bekase Sally was'n't as careful as she ought to be, that if he had taken any other young woman to his wife, he wouldn't be as he was; she thought the very same thing of Larry. 'If he was like another,' she would say to his brother, 'that would be up airly and late at his own business, I would have spirits to work, by rason it would cheer my heart to see our little farm looking as warm and comfortable as another's; but, *farer gaish*, that's not the case, nor likely to be so, for he spins his time from one place to another, working for them that laughs at him for his pains; but he'd rather go to his neck in wather than lay down a hand or himself, except when he can't help it.' Larry, again had his complaint—'Sally's a lazy trollop,' he would say to his brother's wife, 'that never does one hand's turn that she can help, but sits over the fire from morning till night, making birds' nests in the ashes with her yellow heels, or going about from one neighbour's house to another, goster-ing and palavering about what doesn't consarn her, instead of minding the house. How can I have heart to work when I come in, expecting to find my dinner boiled, but, instead of that, get her ssting on her hunkers on the hearth-stone, blowing at two or three green sticks with her apron, the pot hanging on the crook, without even the *white horses* on it. She never puts a stitch in my clothes, nor in the children's, nor in her own, but lets them all go to rags at once—the devil's luck to her! I wish I had never met with her, or that I had married a sober girl that was'n't fond of dress and dancing. If she was a good servant it was only bekase she liked to have a good name; for when she got a house and place of her own, seee how she turned out.' From less to more, they went on squabbling and fighting, until at last you might see Sally one time with a black eye or a cut head, or another time going off with herself, crying, up to Tom Hance's or some other neighbour's house, to sit down and give a history of the *ruccion* that he and she had on the head of some thrife or another that was'n't worth naming. Their childher were shows, running about without a single stitch upon them, except ould coats that some of the sarvants from the big-house would throw them. In these they'd go sailing about, with the long skirts trailing on the ground behind them; and, sometimes, Larry himself would be mane enough to take the coat from the *gorsoon*, and ware it himself. As for giving them any schooling, it was what they never thought of; but even if they were inclined to it, there was no school in the neighbourhood to send them to. It is a true saying, that as the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and this was true